

CRIMES COMMITTED IN THE NAME OF LOVE

A Strange Epidemic of Murders in New York City in Which Dan Cupid Plays the Leading Part.

That there is really an epidemic of crimes in the sacred name of love might well appear from the recent startling record of fatal tragedies, a large proportion of which have had their scene in New York.

"I killed her because I thought she was not true to me," said Julius Hoffman, as he looked from the New York police to dying Draga Seigel.

"Will you take me back?" demanded Henry Fischer of Johanna Hofer, an attractive young waitress who was on duty at her uncle's lunch room, 821 Tenth avenue, and as she didn't reply he shot her down in cold blood, then turned the weapon on himself.

Thus, on the police blotter, within 24 hours two more murders were charged to the blind little god, Love. Why has Cupid traded his well-beloved and gentle weapons, the bow and arrow, for the more formidable revolver?

In the days when Love was young, and the simple life an actuality, not a theory, Cupid tipped his arrow with golden love-sonnets and aimed it with a laugh. To-day, in New York, with its strange commingling of foreign elements, its nervous tension, its glittering pleasures and its appalling loneliness, Cupid offends loads his newly acquired weapon with death-dealing bullets and sends them flying to the accompaniment of a groan or a curse. Within the past 12 months Love's hand has aimed more deadly weapons than Bacchus, or Greed, or Revenge, or Hatred. Race-hatred, sudden fury following on the heels of a business quarrel, these and all other causes must give Love precedence as the power behind the gun, the knife, the stiletto.

Just a year ago, in an obscure downtown hotel, Louis G. Hampton, a man of family, social and business standing, shot and killed first the woman he loved and then himself. The woman in the case was Victoria Tazekow, a beautiful salesgirl in a department store. She was 32 years the junior of her wealthy and influential admirer, who was an official of the United States Trust company, of Wall street. She did not know he was married. She was waiting for the death of his aged mother to relieve him of certain domestic responsibilities and set him free to marry the girl he loved. Her name was above reproach. Her family knew of her love affair and approved of the supposedly prospective marriage.

What happened between these two behind the barred door of the obscure hotel no one knows. Perhaps the girl had learned the hideous truth, and told the man she no longer loved him—that she was leaving him forever. Three sharp reports, scurrying foot-

steps of many admirers treated with coquettish toleration by the belle of Carmine street and the Spring street factory, but in time all fell back in favor of Vincenzo Lavarone. The betrothal of the handsome couple was announced, their wedding day grew near—but with it came death. Antoinette, not content with her conquest, had later made fun of Figlia, who was small and unattractive, calling him "The Toad." On the twenty-sixth day of November "The Toad" and the factory beauty met during the noon hour at the water cooler. An angry question, a taunting reply, a report from a death-dealing pistol, a once beautiful form lying in a pool of blood, a sullen man facing the officers of the law.

"She made fun of me, and I killed her. Now she won't marry any one, and if I die, too, I don't care." December, month of the Christ-child, passed without a murder in the name of Love; but on January 2 the police gathered into their drag-net Leo Mitchell, who for more than four years had been in hiding for the murder of Marie Lewrazzo, a pretty girl who had refused to marry him, after he had paid her passage over from Italy. To be sure, this was because Marie had heard that Leo had another wife in Italy, but the jealous Italian had passed the stage where marriage vows counted against the power of the little god—and so he, too, raised his revolver and shot the girl through the heart.

Five days later George Fallen, who ran a flower stand at Eighty-first street and Columbus avenue, shot and killed Mrs. Madeline Wiedman, the wife of his business neighbor, John Wiedman, a news dealer. Mrs. Wiedman was a striking brunette who with her assistant, Miss Ratel, plied the trade of manieuring at the Endicott hotel. She lived at No. 80 West Eighty-second street, whither on the fatal night George Fallen had been bidden, with other guests, to celebrate a birthday. As the guests separated, Fallen drew Mrs. Wiedman aside and again urged the unlawful love which she had often spurned, and, being spurned again, that love cried hoarsely: "I'm tired of this nonsense. I love you, and I'm going to have you."

Then again the fatal shot and another at Mrs. Wiedman's assistant, who came to her rescue, and still a third and a sharp knife at his own throat. Another tragedy in the name of Love had been written in New York's criminal annals.

In the early dawn of March 1 Amelillo Gallo, a young bride of Northern Little Italy, went a-gunning for the man who had stolen from him, at a

to live with me she will never live with another. We are going to die together. Laura and Jim." But the woman shot herself first. The man missed his aim and then weakened. Broken marriage vows, quarrels patched up and then renewed, love one minute, hatred the next, death for the wife, suspicion, arrest and dishonor for the husband—and all in the name of Love!

"Three bullets for sweetheart and one for herself," is the tabloid form in which Marie Balasi's tragedy was written on Independence day. Deceived and ruined by Henry Stern, a stranger in a strange land, and deserted by the man she had trusted, poor Marie Balasi thus ended forever the new love dream in which Stern had lost all sense of honor and obligation to her.

On July 23 occurred one of the most sensational murders in New York's recent history. Miss Esther Norling discovered that Frank H. Warner, once her business employer, later her partner, was not worthy of her trust and love, and thrust him out of her life. Drink-sodden and believing that the girl, by her act, had

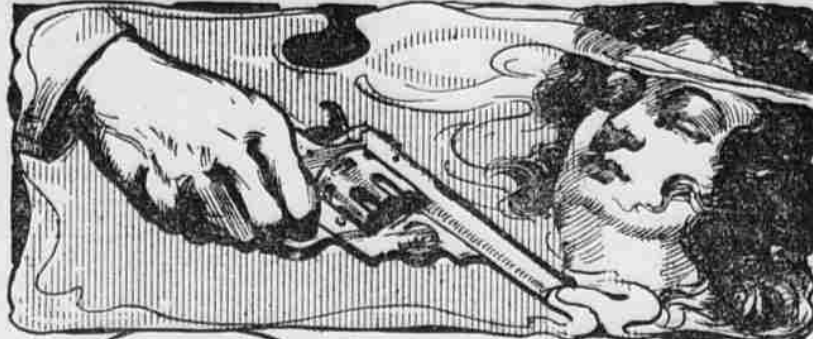
hand in hand. From Australia came some childhood friends of the pretty Draga. She did the honors of New York to her former playmates. Hoffman heard and armed himself for revenge.

"I gave up everything, wife, family, standing, for love of you. You shall belong to no other man." Again the fatal shot. Again a woman pleading that she loved only the man whose hand held the smoking revolver. Again the rage-dimmed eyes that somehow regulate a fatally true aim. Again the rush of excited people, the clang of the ambulance bell, the shouts of officers driving back the curious throng—and another crime is laid at the door of poor, twentieth-century worn Cupid.

TELEPHONE USED BY JAPS.

Government Owns System Which Has Many Up-to-Date Features.

In Japan the telephone system is operated by the government. Telephone, postal and telegraph services are all under one head, being controlled by a group of officials who



The Clergyman Pinioned the Half Crazy Youth and Miss Crouse Escaped to Her Family.

separated him from the last hope of earthly happiness or all connection with a decent life, Warner shot and killed her in the very door of the store where she was employed as cashier, at No. 3 West Forty-second street. Then, blood-crazed, he dashed down town and killed a life-long friend, John C. Wilson, a millionaire hat manufacturer of Waverley place and Greene street, who was in the act of loaning the crazed man money.

A doughty and strong-armed minister of the gospel saved a young woman from a hated marriage and perhaps from actual death at Asbury Park on September 19. Belle Crouse, daughter of a Presbyterian minister at Stanhope, N. J., was engaged to Percy C. Bissell, a student at the state normal school, Trenton, N. J., when rumors reached her that her intended was a confirmed gambler. Her father found that the rumors were only too true and the engagement was broken off. The Crouses went to Ocean Grove, whither young Bissell followed. The two young people met on the street, and surreptitiously Bissell displayed a revolver and ordered the girl to accompany him to the pastorate of Rev. C. M. Griffin, pastor of the Ashbury Park Methodist church. In the middle of the service Miss Crouse began to scream, asking that she be protected from her too anxious lover. Whereupon, the clergyman, being strong of arm, pinioned the half-crazed youth, and Miss Crouse escaped to the bosom of her family. But the end was not yet, and friends of the family assert that Bissell should be confined, as the girl is not safe so long as he is at large.

And last comes Julius Hoffman, married, formerly a lieutenant in the Austrian army, who for love and jealousy killed Draga Seigel. For he had given up wife, children and friends. Hoffman and his wife had come from Australia, bringing with them Draga, who had been an apprentice in Mrs. Hoffman's dressmaking establishment.

In New York they all prospered until love, blind, irresponsible, unreasoning love, took a hand in the game. Mrs. Hoffman left her husband and Draga went to live with a family by the name of Lucas. Hoffman lived alone. Mrs. Hoffman brought suit against Draga Seigel, who in another year would come into an inheritance of \$100,000, for alienating her husband's affections; and Draga in turn brought suit for defamation of character. In the midst of this confusion jealousy and death appeared

form what is known as the department of communications. Although this department has had only a few years in which to build up the telephone service it has made such progress as to put the Japanese system in a condition which makes it so much superior to others in the east that it is not for a moment to be compared with them, says the American Telephone Journal. In fact the Japanese telephone men have adopted many ideas in connection with the building and operation of their plants which show that they could give valuable pointers to many Europeans in charge of telephone systems under government control.

Their progressiveness, for example, in the use of telephones to aid in army maneuvers is known to the whole world. It is acknowledged everywhere that in the late war with Russia they developed field telephone service to a point of greater efficiency than has been reached by any other army.

Tokio has, as would be expected, the largest telephone system of any of the Japanese cities, and the general features of construction and operation there seem to be typical of the practice throughout the country.

Out of a population of nearly a million people about 15,000 are subscribers for telephone service. The lines are divided between five offices. The rates are 66 yen (about \$33) for either business or residence stations. All lines are individual, party line service being esteemed unsatisfactory.

Cleanliness is the most noteworthy thing which impresses itself upon a visitor to one of these central offices. The reason for the absence of dust is made apparent to the stranger by the request that he shall remove his boots before entering, which is courteously made at the door. Although a pair of slippers is provided as a substitute for the foot covering worn out of doors, the shape of these shoes is so peculiar that the writer has in some instances found it more convenient to walk in his stocking feet. The advantage of this oriental custom of removing the shoes before walking upon the floor of a room is shown clearly enough by the results. The Japanese offices are by long odds the neatest the writer has ever been in in any part of the world.

All the operators are girls. The endless succession of challenges, "Nan-ban" (number), is spoken in a well-modulated tone of voice and all calls seem to be answered promptly.

At the National Capital

Gossip of People and Events
Gathered in Washington

DIVING AND SWIMMING TEST FOR REAR-ADMIRALS



WASHINGTON.—Great consternation is felt in the navy over the announcement said to have been made by Assistant Secretary Newberry that rear admirals must shortly undergo a test to show whether they can swim or not. In the army a test of whether colonels can ride horseback was recently made. Mr. Newberry's declaration in favor of a swimming test for admirals, however, is considered far worse, although the average colonel weighs several times more than his horse.

The assistant secretary's plan is to have rear admirals dive from shore and swim to their ships. Many admirals who have not moved a wheel for years except from the navy department to the club are indignant. It is felt that what the assistant secretary is really proposing is a general harkari among the most eminent naval heroes of the age.

Nevertheless, the rear admirals accept Mr. Newberry's announcement as a fact against which there is no use in kicking and are preparing for it. Rear Admiral Cowles, the pres-

ident's brother-in-law, is the same size from his collar bone to his fourth rib, after which he juts out in a rectangular manner. Between his wishbone and his waist line Admiral Cowles weighs more than many persons do between their shoes and their hats. The sight of Admiral Cowles down on the Potomac river front trying to qualify for Mr. Newberry's test would draw tears from the eyes long unused to grief.

Reports from Rear Admiral Evans's headquarters by intimate friends of his are that "Fighting Bob" is confident of being able to come up to Newberry's test. Evans, ever since the battle of Fort Fisher swims entirely with one foot, the other being used mainly as a sort of screw-propeller. The general effect is that of a flat-wheel locomotive trying to climb a hill.

Evans fortunately is the same size all the way down. He has nothing to kick about. The walls that are now deafening the Washington horizon arise from globular admirals with convex protuberances abaft and midriff.

RECORDS CHARGE THAT WASHINGTON TOLD LIE



WAS George Washington a liar?

Must another idol be shattered? These questions seem to be answered in the affirmative by official records now musty with age but in a fairly good state of preservation. For years there has been a legend in Virginia that George Washington was seven times indicted for perjury. No one gave serious consideration to the rumors, unworthy of association with the beautiful childhood dream of the little hatchet and the cherry tree. A young man of inquisitive temperament, hearing the legend, made inquiry at the congressional library to ascertain whether any records gave it support. He was cited by the expert in charge to the court records of Fairfax county. There he discovered that McDowell's men, after the battle of Bull Run, ransacked the courthouse and carried away most of the records, but that one volume had recently been recovered through the executor of the estate of one of the Pennsylvania soldiers. This volume was carefully examined, and it was found that on May 21, 1760, the grand jury returned a presentment against George Washington for having dodged taxes on "a wheeled vehicle."

Washington, not being indicted, shows that the grand jury acted upon its own initiative, because had the matter been called to their attention by the prosecutor for the colony an indictment would have been returned. There is only one volume of the records of that time, and it does not show what became of the presentment. Whether Washington was tried will not be known unless some veteran of McDowell's command, directly or through an heir, returns the volumes that were carried off after Bull Run.

RACE WAR WITH COURT WRITS AS THE WEAPONS

THE injunction has been invoked in a local race war. The white citizens of a suburb of this city propose to restrain a negro from occupying a house he purchased.

The suburb known as Bloomingdale lying between the northern boundary of the old city and soldiers' home, was several years ago subdivided, and long rows of houses erected for sale. The purchasers were given a deed which stipulated in one of its clauses that at no time should the property be sold to a negro. One of the original purchasers sold his residence to a man who placed a second trust mortgage on it.

The holder of this second mortgage to protect himself, placed the house on sale with a real estate firm, which disposed of it to a negro. When the sale became known to the household-



ers for blocks around they at once started a subscription in which President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor is reported to have joined.

There are few residence blocks in Washington upon which negroes do not occupy one or more houses, except in the ultra aristocratic section, and even in that section some negroes dwell. Race prejudice is constantly growing more intense here and in the new subdivisions in the suburbs the whites have attempted to protect themselves against negro invasion by restrictions placed in the original deeds similar to that carried by the Bloomingdale conveyances. The negro owner will assert his right to hold the property under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments and a merry race war is promised.

MRS. MEYER TO PRESENT DAUGHTERS TO SOCIETY



POSTMASTER GENERAL GEORGE VON L. MEYER has leased the Jewett mansion on the corner of Connecticut avenue and S street. It is the intention of Mrs. Meyer to return to the national capital in time to present her pretty young daughters to society during the social season. These girls have been presented at the Russian and British courts, but it is now quite customary to give a series of debut parties. Miss Julia is barely 20 and her sister two years her junior, so they are still eligible to coming-out functions. They are strikingly alike and have been educated together and seem to have identical characteristics.

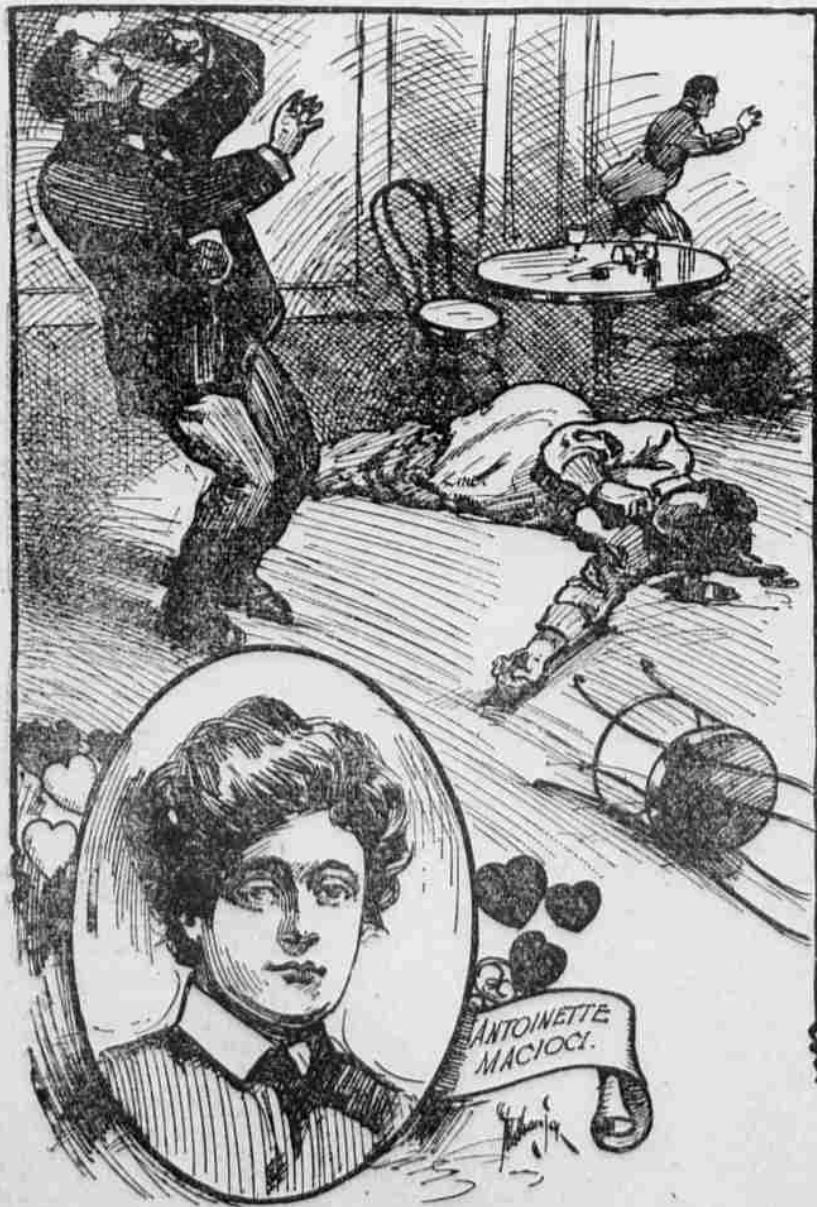
With Miss Edith Root, they will form a delightful trio of cabinet girls, and will be the only representatives in that depleted set.

With the passing of the Misses

Shaw and Miss Hitchcock, Washington might well wall: "Wanted a few handsome and socially inclined maidens for the highest executive set." The Misses Meyer are unaffected girls, sure to be popular, for their intercourse with kings has not turned their heads any more than it has changed their charming mother. Both have studied music and art under the best masters abroad and having resided in many alien lands are gifted linguists.

Young Mr. Meyer, aged 16, has been the schoolmate of Kermit Roosevelt at Groton, and for a few months in the spring took a preparatory course at George Washington University, in Washington.

Mrs. Meyer is a delightful conversationalist and she can chat very entertainingly about royal babes whom she has known.



steps and bated breaths in the hallway without, and within—Cupid weeping over his deadly work.

November—and the Thanksgiving spirit abroad in the big, bustling city. But no such spirit in the heart of Giuseppe Figlia. Working with him in the same factory at No. 67 Spring street was beautiful Antoinette Maciocci, beautiful as an Italian woman is only at the age of 19. Figlia had loved and wooed her, had been one

dance in the New Star Casino. One Hundred and Seventh street and Lexington avenue, the belle of the ball, Sandra Gicvelli. But his rival shot first. Shots were almost as thick as Italian curses, and for the love of one girl Gallo died and six men were held as his assassins.

June 17, James Wardell and his wife, Laura, entered into a suicide pact, as the note found in their room proved: "As long as Laura is going